

on board, that of a little child. We had some heavy storms, but the Lord protected us in crossing the mighty deep and we arrived in New York Harbor July 18<sup>th</sup> 1863. We stayed in Castle Gardens some little time, then on again by rail and steamboat to Florence Nebraska, where we found the Ox teams waiting to transport us across the great plains. We spent some time here cleaning up, making a few purchases and getting in order for our tramp. We left Florence August 6<sup>th</sup> with a train of about seventy five wagons, loaded with machinery for the Dixie Cotton farm with Bro. San McArthur as Captain.

Our route or land was a very trying one, especially for elderly people, mothers with babes, &c. Provisions being very scant, our rations consisted of flour and pork, each adult being allowed one pound of flour per day and one pound of pork per week with salaries to raise the bread.

In the commencement of our journey we killed some game, caught a few fish in the Platte river, and also picked a few wild berries which were considered a great treat. These however lasted but a few days.

When we were out on the open prairie, our accommodations consisted of blankets spread out on the ground, with the twinkling stars overhead for a covering. Sometimes a rain storm would awaken us from our slumbers, and drive us all into our little houses, comprising about three by four feet under a wagon for eight grown persons. The small accommodations in our cramped and sleepy condition caused some stepping on toes, and quite a little grumbling, but we were mostly too tired to do much of that. At 'fleep of day' we would prepare our morning meal and be off on the tramp.